

If It's in Vogue—
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If it is now in order for some scribe to bring forth an anecdotal biography of the C&R Natural Resources, on the occasion of his connection to the com-

It is now in order for some story to bring forth an anecdotal biography of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, the mighty warrior from the Plains of London. We cheerfully contribute a few authentic stories which might embellish this work:

Entering a neighbor's humble cottage in the winter of 1894, he was, after a hard day reviewing Canadian troops at the back of the Rhine, General

The recent honoree to J. A. Denison of the C.P.R. Natural Resources, on the occasion of his promotion in the company's service, suggests another curiosity. It is said that when a Canadian man gets a promotion in life or meets with some piece of luck, his friends immediately lay over themselves to discourage him and to prevent the continuation of some kind. The bigger the piece of good fortune that comes to the man, the louder the presentation, the

But let misfortune overtake a man let some calamity befall him, let him be suddenly let out from his job and plunged - into temporary difficulties where are the bully boys then who

fast asleep and he cokes burnt to
crisps. Rudely shaking him, she sound-
ly berated him for his carelessness.
Whereupon Sir Sam told her who he
was. The poor woman fell upon her

her to her feet and told her to be of good cheer. He then called for pen and ink and settled a pension on her for life and made her husband an honorary colonel.

Going the rounds one night alone, it was his wont on the eve of battle. Sir Sam came upon a sentry sound asleep at his post. Aware that the poor soldier had gone without a wink of sleep for six weeks, the kind-hearted monarch, by a sign, bade him go to his bysterian church, when he was presented with a watch and chain. The congregation were all at the depot to see him off and we can see them now standing on the platform waving their handkerchiefs.

broke and had nothing in sight. So there was no fuss over our departure.

breast and pinned it upon that of the
 fire-battered soldier, and promoted
 him on the spot to be an honorary colonel.
 By such deeds of kindness did
 the great general endear himself to
 his troops.

While strolling one day on the outskirts of Ypsa, meditating upon a speech he was to deliver that afternoon at a review of the Edmonton Islanders, who were entrenched near by, Sir Macdonald was suddenly accosted by a man, who might perhaps have snatched that bunch of Presbyterians had they but known that their pious young friend helped us finish the bottle on the journey down. In fact, he purchased another himself at Red Deer from

captivity, the gallant warrior did not lose his nerve for a moment. Indeed, he laughed ha-ha, on being summoned before the commandant, he was informed by that worthy that his inter-

able to show his skill with the How-
rifle by shooting an apple off the head
of one of his British compatriots.
"You're on!" cried Sir Sam. Under
the protection of a white flag a Ger-
man soldier was despatched into Yorks-
hire hearted western methods. At the
annual financial meeting of one of our
largest and oldest churches the secre-
tary-treasurer made his report and took
occasion to give the trustees a terrib-
le dressing-down on their financial con-

who happened to be there, writing Mrs. Whittens' dope, telling him to return with the soldier immediately and to fetch a Rose rifle along. This was done. Two hundred paces were marked

"Haven't you a larger apple?" asked Sir Sam.
"No," replied the officer.
The assembled soldiers maintained a

The practice of associating employees in an office or business establishment to provide a party present for one

"Lucky for you, Maxie, that I'm a dead shot!"

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